

# The Times - Dispatch

Business Office: Times-Dispatch Building,  
10 South Tenth Street,  
Richmond, Va.  
Second-class matter under act of Congress  
of March 3, 1879.

BY MAIL. One Six Three One  
Year. Postage Paid.  
Daily with Sunday. \$10.00  
Daily without Sunday. \$8.00  
Sunday edition only. \$2.00  
Weekly (Wednesday). \$1.00

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery  
Service in Richmond (and suburbs) and Pe-  
tersburg.  
Daily with Sunday. 15 cents  
Daily without Sunday. 10 cents  
Sunday only. 8 cents

Entered January 27, 1906, at Richmond, Va.,  
as second-class matter under act of Congress  
of March 3, 1879.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1912.

## THE BEGINNING OF PARCELS POST.

One of the most beneficent and en-  
couraging things that the New Year  
will bring to these United States will  
be the long-delayed parcels post. It  
is true that the system as it will be  
inaugurated is far from perfect, and  
will not enable the farmer or the con-  
sumer to reap the great benefits that  
have been talked of. But it is a be-  
ginning, and marks the end of the old  
system of extortion by private trans-  
portation enterprises. The people of  
this country are too practical and too  
thoroughly aroused against special  
privileges to fail to demand the ulti-  
mate expansion of the system until  
it offers the services now enjoyed by  
other countries. It has taken all the  
years since John Wanamaker, as Post-  
master-General, proposed the system,  
for an irresistible public pressure to  
make an opening. But back of this  
public pressure is the greatest force  
in the world, economic necessity, as  
at present exemplified in the high cost  
of living. The people are aware that  
what is produced for \$8,000,000,000  
costs them finally about \$12,000,000,000,  
and they perceive that much of this  
extortion is due to transportation  
charges.

The system, as it will be regulated  
after January 1, will not be perfect.  
It will be merely the beginning. For  
one thing, the weight limit of eleven  
pounds is too low to reach a great  
part of the parcel business. It is too  
low to help the farmer move his food  
products at a cheap rate. In other  
countries it is 110 pounds, and in  
Belgium 132 pounds. It is clear  
that not even a peck of potatoes can  
be shipped with a container and weight  
under eleven pounds. However, an ef-  
fort is already being made to in-  
crease the limit to twenty-five pounds,  
and the small success of the original  
experiment will surely hasten such  
expansion.

Again, the farmer finds that the  
regulations allow him to mail butter,  
eggs and perishable foodstuffs only in  
the first zone. This will not extend his  
market to any appreciable extent.  
Moreover, by the time he pays the  
postage and the cost of the container  
required, all possible profit will be  
eliminated. Outside of the first zone  
it is estimated that the cost of mail-  
ing a dozen eggs will be 14 cents.  
No immediate reduction in the price  
of eggs can be expected from this  
system.

Moreover, the principal part of the  
business that will be handled by the  
postal force will probably be the small  
parcel to be delivered in the same city  
or town. This business is not profit-  
able, and will be turned over to the  
government to be handled at a loss.  
The express companies still hold on to  
the bulk of the profitable big weight  
business.

But despite its defects, the new ser-  
vice will prove a direct blessing to  
both producer and consumer. Its fail-  
ures will suggest the needed changes.  
The zone system will probably be  
changed, the weight limit increased,  
and the rate adjusted more equitably.  
Meanwhile let us use what we have  
gotten, and continue to demand that  
this branch of governmental service be  
made as efficient as the mail facilities.

## FRANZ FERDINAND'S ALLEGED AM- BITION.

Whether there is much or little in  
the "disclosures" made at Vienna by a  
"close friend" that Archduke Franz  
Ferdinand, heir to the Austro-Hungar-  
ian throne, has conceived the  
scheme of consolidating a great Slav  
empire under the crown of the Haps-  
burgs, the story is exceedingly interest-  
ing. Moreover, it is not unlikely that it  
will cause a decided flutter in the  
European chancelleries until it shall  
have been disclosed how much or how  
little basis of truth it has.

Some of the details are that the  
archduke proposes a confederation,  
under separate autonomous forms, of  
Austria, Hungary, Austro-Hungarian  
Poland, Serbia, Bulgaria and Monte-  
negro, making over to the three latter  
parts of certain Austro-Hungarian  
territory, in which the population is  
largely Slavic and more or less dis-  
affected. In order to placate these and  
compensate the three Balkan states for  
coming into the confederation or union,  
both Serbia and Bulgaria are said to  
look favorably upon the proposition.

The conclusion that there may be  
something in the scheme, or, at least,  
in the report that Franz Ferdinand  
cherishes such a dream, derives color  
from several facts, events and inci-  
dents. The Austro-Hungarian heir is  
militant and ambitious, or nothing,  
and that he is, and has long been, out  
of sympathy with the peace policy, and  
"the easiest is the best way" doctrine  
of the venerable Franz Josef, is well  
known. He is the acknowledged head  
of the war party of the dual monarchy.  
A significant incident, or coincidence,  
in this connection is that lately he was

In personal communication with Em-  
peror Ferdinand, of Bulgaria, and natu-  
rally in this connection, furthermore,  
will be recalled, as a factor of the  
theory of probabilities, at any rate, the  
alleged conspiracy of Russian Poles  
brutified a few weeks back. That con-  
spiracy contemplated, it was said, an  
uprising in union of the Poles of  
Russia and Austria-Hungary "to fall  
on Russia's back" in the event of hos-  
tilities between those two great pow-  
ers, resultant from the Balkan War.

The coup, it was explained, would be  
for autonomy for the Russian Poles  
and more rights for the Austro-Hun-  
garians.

The crowns of Hungary and Bohemia  
—of St. Stephen and Wenceslaus—are  
already merged in that of the Haps-  
burgs, and to ornament the latter with  
gems from the crowns of Poland and  
the ancient Serbian and Bulgarian em-  
pires might well be the alluring vision  
of such a man as Franz Ferdinand.  
More than that, as a matter of internal  
policy and geographical and ethnic  
relations of a greater part of Austro-  
Hungary to the new Balkan powers,  
the reputed scheme and ambition are  
understandable.

But what about a practical effort to  
realize the dream, and consummate  
the hope? Where would Russia, with  
her Polish territory, stand? What  
would be Germany's attitude? And  
what Italy's? Would Germany prove  
complacent under the menace of such  
a powerful neighbor to the south of  
her, unless she got concessions of  
Austro-German territory? Would Italy  
remain quiescent in the face of threat-  
ened absolute domination by the con-  
federation of the Aegean and the Ad-  
riatic? Would Russia chance losing  
Russian Poland and surrender without  
striking a blow for her long-nourished  
design of hegemony of the southern  
Slavs? And could France and England,  
in view of their interests in the Medi-  
terranean and alliance with Russia, af-  
ford to hold aloof and witness Austria-  
Hungary work her will?

These questions point the other side,  
and also point that if there is "much"  
in the Vienna "disclosures," there may  
also be in them the possibilities of  
most terrible upheaval and war, and  
the most revolutionary readjustment  
of territorial lines and balances Europe  
has known in centuries.

However successful, therefore, the  
peace conference in London may be in  
preventing an immediate international  
war as an aftermath of the Balkan  
struggle, it will be a far cry to assur-  
ance of international peace until it  
shall have been shown that Franz  
Ferdinand's dream is only a dream, and  
he has given hostages that he will not  
essay its materialization. Whatever of  
truth there may be in the new "sensa-  
tion," hardly less interesting than the  
"disclosures" will be the news of how  
the chancelleries take them.

## THE PRESIDENTIAL VOTE TOTALS.

The complete returns of the popular  
vote for President add nothing to the  
conclusions already drawn from the  
early figures. Instead of the falling  
off indicated, there has been a gain  
of about 150,000 compared with the  
vote of 1908. The totals in round num-  
bers are 15,035,000 this year, and 14,-  
885,000 four years ago. But in fact,  
the popular vote did not increase as it  
should have done if we count the  
voters added by the admission of Ariz-  
ona and New Mexico, and by the  
granting of the suffrage to women in  
California and Washington. Exclud-  
ing this round half-million or more,  
the vote is 139,000 less than in 1908.  
If it had increased in accord with the  
rate of population increase, it should  
have been a million greater. But as  
the New York Evening Post points  
out, the course of the presidential vote  
is very peculiar. In 1906 it was 14,-  
030,000, yet in 1904 fell to 12,500,000,  
and rose in 1908 to the high mark of  
14,980,000. The Post draws the some-  
what gloomy conclusion that when all  
allowances are made the vote has only  
increased 3 or 4 per cent since 1904,  
whereas the population has increased  
some 25 per cent.

The general apathy affected all por-  
tions save the Socialists. They made  
the startling leap from 421,000 in 1908  
to about 801,000 this year, an increase  
of over 100 per cent. This is particu-  
larly significant because the increase  
was distributed throughout the nation.  
In California and Washington, Debs's  
vote was doubled. In Ohio, Illinois and  
Pennsylvania it was doubled, and in  
New York, Missouri, Oklahoma, Indi-  
ana, Wisconsin and Idaho, there were  
substantial gains. The South alone  
gave no encouragement to the  
socialist propaganda.

The South in general showed vary-  
ing tendencies. Alabama cast more  
votes than in 1908, while its neigh-  
bors, Georgia, cast fewer. Texas made  
great gains, while South Carolina  
showed a big loss. This might have  
been expected from the general politi-  
cal conditions in the Palmetto State.  
Virginia remained almost stationary,  
as her citizens cast seventy less votes  
than before.

The two big parties showed slight  
losses. Wilson polled 6,793,454 against  
Bryce's last total of 6,465,194, a de-  
crease of 113,000. Taft got 5,443,546,  
and Roosevelt, 4,119,538. Combined  
they received 9,563,084, or 12,546 less  
than Taft received in 1908. They re-  
ceived Wilson by about 1,350,000 bal-  
lots.

The two big losses from the re-  
turns are the astounding increase in  
real socialist sentiment despite the  
efforts of Roosevelt to supply a racial  
platform, and the discouraging  
apathy of the ordinary citizen in na-  
tional affairs. It seems time for both  
old parties to meet the plain issue  
and say these facts.

## SEA ROMANCE.

The tightening of winter's icy grip  
on the sea has made real for the

landsman once again the ancient terror  
of the deep. Life on land may gradu-  
ally be policed to tameness and plain  
prose, but on the face of the waters  
the winds still make poetry, and swift  
drama ends with a curtain of storm  
falling on death tragedies. Every day  
some vivid picture of marine distress  
breaks the safe monotony of news. A  
launch from Mobile is blown out to  
sea with two men and a girl. The  
steamer Dorchester takes in tow the  
deserted Alcazar. A New Hampshire  
schooner is pounding to pieces on  
Stone Horse Shoal, when the U. S. re-  
venue cutter Acushnet lies alongside  
for a rescue. The coast of England  
is dotted with wrecked vessels in the  
last storm. The very names of the  
craft and the places would have been  
music in the ears of those graphic sea-  
writers, Defoe and Stevenson. Here are  
real stories, stranger than fiction. They  
are full of suffering, salt spray, heroes  
without names, and all the picturesque  
fierceness of the ocean.

Not all the yarns are terrible, though.  
Here we read the story of little Willie  
Gee—a savory name to start with—who  
was picked out of the top of a floating  
palm tree, fifty miles from shore. He  
had on a shirt for clothes, and had  
lived for a time on a green cocoon.  
When that failed him he had dozed.  
Rescued at the right time, coffee and  
the traditional rum brought him to, and  
he explained the mystery of a fancy  
button pinned to his tattered shirt. It  
had been given to him by a man from  
Swampscott, and bore the magic legend,  
"Kiss me. I'm sterilized." Can fiction  
produce a finer bit than Willie Gee  
and his button?

Another tale is of treasure seekers  
wrecked in the Caribbean. After a year  
of misery they are raised to unimagin-  
able bliss by a cargo of champagne  
from a second wreck. For three months  
they lived in Lobster Palace revelry,  
and then came back to tell of their  
achievement. It would take a great  
genius to do such a theme justice. When  
the mud and the gloom and the dull  
routine of work get on the tired city-  
dwellers' naps, and one releases  
from cares in reading the paragraph  
novels of the sea that come in his  
breakfast paper.

## THE EXAMPLE OF COLONEL GOE- THALS.

Colonel Goethals, of the United  
States Army, and the man who built  
the Panama Canal, sets a fine example  
for public servants, either military  
or civil, by his willingness to continue his  
work in Panama as Governor, even  
though it means thousands of dollars  
less in salary than he might otherwise  
command. Colonel Goethals has the  
just pride of a big man who wants to  
see the work he has begun carried to a  
triumphant conclusion. He is ready  
to sacrifice his own personal reward  
for the loftier reward of finishing the  
task.

This is but another illustration of  
the fact that modern science is pro-  
ducing the great men of this and other  
nations. They are creators. They are  
rebuilding the world for the comfort  
and convenience of their own and suc-  
ceeding generations. Their joy in ser-  
vice makes them unselfish. They give.  
They do not worry about what they  
take from the common fund. Our poli-  
ticians are not men of this size. They  
have neither the brains nor the devo-  
tion to ideals that are the inheritances  
of engineers and scientists. Even the  
financiers, whose vision and imagina-  
tion mold the commercial welfare of  
the people, expect to take a share of  
what they produce in payment. The  
conception of social service held by  
men of Colonel Goethals's stamp is one  
of the finest fruits of a steadfast pur-  
suit of law and truth.

## THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES—A NEW YEAR SERMON.

(Selected for The Times-Dispatch.)  
"And I, that am the Lord thy God  
from the land of Egypt, will yet make  
thee to dwell in tabernacles, as in the  
days of the solemn feast."—Hosea xii. 3.

The Jewish feast of tabernacles must  
have been most picturesque and strik-  
ing. Every year as the seventh month  
came around the city of Jerusalem  
bloomed into a forest. The palace, and  
the tower alike, turned their inhabi-  
tants into the streets. And there they  
camped in primitive fashion, under the  
shelter of leaves and boughs.

And what was the meaning of the  
feast of tents? "That your generation  
may know that I made the children of  
Israel to dwell in booths when I  
brought them out of the land of Egypt.  
I am the Lord your God." This is the  
explanation which Jehovah gives in  
Leviticus. He never wanted them to  
forget those forty years, and so every  
year the great acted parade proclaimed  
this truth, "We have here no continu-  
ing city, but we seek one. We are  
strangers and pilgrims on this earth."

Is not the first day of the year, with  
all of its sense of transition, and the  
atmosphere of change everywhere about  
us—is it not exactly as if our souls  
went out of their solid houses and lived  
in booths? Our well-built certainties  
are not pulled down; we shall go back  
to them after our feast of tabernacles  
is over. But for the time the narrow  
walls are forsaken, the possibilities of  
life are greater, and the skies and stars  
are over our heads.

And these times of realized uncer-  
tainties ought to be in very truth feast  
times—in other words, it ought to be  
a rest and a privilege, an exaltation to  
the soul of a true man, when he is  
made to realize that his most fixed  
condition is not really fixed, but sure  
of disturbance, exposed to all the winds  
of change, for not the things that  
happen to us, but the meaning which  
we give to them, is the real fact of our existence. And  
how differently men view this truth!  
To one change is a time of sorrow and  
feeling. To another it is all exulta-

tion and gladness and courage. What  
really makes the difference in the two  
sorts of men is their willingness or un-  
willingness to think of the infiniteness  
of life. And the man who sees in  
change the eternal changelessness of  
God will say, "I knew that there could  
be no end until the infinite perfection  
has been reached. The tent life is the  
true life, until the building of God, the  
house not made with hands, is reached.  
Therefore, welcome this signal and  
broken breaking in upon the hardening  
security to which my life was settling."

There comes a great disturbance on  
the land, a war or commercial crisis.  
There are two sorts of greetings for  
it in men's souls. One kind of man  
goes into it as if he went to the fu-  
neral of everything. Another man goes  
to it as if to a "solemn feast."  
It seems to some as if this confusion  
meant the breaking of cables and the  
scattering of clouds. In the disap-  
pointment of their immediate hopes  
the deeper instincts and expectations  
of their souls sail forth into satisfac-  
tion. And this is so in society as in  
business.

Men used to think that the consti-  
tution of society was fixed and could  
not change, and that any alteration of it  
would mean anarchy and destruction.  
Then fell monarchies and rose democ-  
racies, and those who were ready for  
the change went forward into a larger  
life. And what is true of society is  
true of the home. You think your  
household's way is fixed for many  
years, and then comes some great joy  
or sorrow, and then the real question  
you found standing in the midst of  
your household and looking into each  
of your faces as it asked, Have you  
then any hold on the infiniteness of  
life? And each one answered this  
question by the way in which you met  
the new life of the changed house-  
hold.

Whether the changefulness be that  
of outward and visible conditions of  
the subtle one of inward thoughts,  
there are men to whom it brings in-  
spiration which they could not lose  
without losing their best strength.  
Every jolt and jar assures them that  
the chariot is moving. And then this  
follows that the power which opens  
the infinite life to any man interprets  
and transfigures to him all the petty  
changefulness of life. That is what  
Christ does when He brings His con-  
solation to the puzzled and distressed  
soul. "You are eternal," He declares.  
"You belong to the Eternal Father and  
share His immortality. You are a stran-  
ger here, a stranger and a traveler. You  
can be at rest only when you have  
reached the Infinite and have found  
your home in God."

And does not the soul of man answer  
to this: "Let me not root myself too  
deeply where I do not mean to wish  
to stay. Oh, for a perpetual feast of  
tabernacles in which all shall seem a  
pilgrimage and the Infinite prospect  
shall ever shine through the scatter-  
ed dust of these earthly experiences  
broken with perpetual change?"

It is God's purpose that lies behind  
the change. The world does not go out  
because this man's roof has leaked or  
that man's wall has crumbled. No.  
The world has gone out to live in the  
streets of Jerusalem in tents, to signal-  
ize the fundamental truth that life is  
change. That perpetual and necessary  
recurrence is the most changeless  
thing in all the history of man, but it is  
not the only fact; it is not the deepest  
fact. Deeper than change lies God.  
It is He that summons us, and it is God  
that is unchangeable. Whatever be  
the variation of the ever-richening mu-  
sic, that theme runs through it all and  
keeps it all compact and real and sim-  
ple. Be sure of God and of yourself,  
and of the love between your soul and  
His, and then shrink from no change-  
fulness, cling to no present; be ready  
for new ties, new truths, and at the  
last the world shall fade away from  
us only to let Him, in whom the pre-  
ciousness of the world has always lain,  
shine out upon us in His perfect glory  
and unhindered love.

New banks and new buildings are  
making new Richmond.

It is to be hoped that our traveling  
salesmen will still be able to travel  
after their banquet.

Richmond has probably the most  
unique street-cleaning system in the  
world. The bootblacks run it. The  
citizens go out and gather up the mud  
on their shoes, and then the boot-  
blacks clean it off. Kind citizens:  
Lucky bootblacks!

Why do the "Big Three" of the A.  
R. want a messenger? They have  
shown themselves amply able to get  
into a mess without any assistance.

Who put the 12 in the New Year?

"Shoes for Women" ought to be a  
good slogan for the suffragists who  
have marched to Albany.

Boys who disobey Major Werner's  
order against torpedoes can be pun-  
ished by proper application of the  
cane.

Woodrow Wilson ought to know how  
we feel about it now.

Can't Santa Claus take the Adminis-  
trative Board out of our Christmas  
stocking?

Why have a second inauguration  
when Staunton did so nobly?

The missing link is now declared  
to have been an Englishman. Maybe  
chests why they are always missing  
the point.

The health experts arise to say that  
public sneezing must be stopped. Will  
these gentlemen kindly explain how a  
sneeze is to be stopped at any time,  
public or private?



The unequal distribution of wealth.



The unequal distribution of children.

## ALWAYS ATTENTIVE TO ILL-FAVORED WIFE

Dashing Major of Hussars Be-  
came Husband of Queer  
Little Woman.

BY LA MARQUE DE FOTENOT.

NEW will recognize in Mme. Hein-  
rich Wessels, Papal Countess von  
Wessels, whose death has just  
taken place in Italy, the former  
Baroness Mathilde von Heine-Geldern,  
who was a partner of the great  
Viennese daily newspaper, the Frem-  
denblatt, and who was first cousin  
of the great German poet Heine. She  
was a queer little woman, a hunch-  
back and almost a dwarf. This did  
not prevent her from marrying as her  
first husband one of the greatest lady-  
killers and Don Juans of the Second  
Empire, who was also one of the most  
extraordinary figures of the court of  
the Tuilleries.

Of all the gay band who surrounded  
Napoleon III. and Empress Eugenie  
during the last decade of their reign,  
the most brilliant and sought after  
was the dashing Major of Hussars Al-  
fred von Kodoitch, military attaché  
of Prince Richard Metternich's Aus-  
tro-Hungarian embassy. The quintess-  
ence of elegance and chic, and pos-  
sessed of a perfect figure, his appear-  
ance, especially when arrayed in the  
gorgeous uniform of his regiment, was  
most striking. It was the singular  
aspect of his face, however, which  
especially attracted attention, and al-  
most irresistibly fascinated the gaze  
of all who were brought into contact  
with him. Its clean-cut features were  
identical with those of the traditional  
portrait of the "Mephistopheles" of  
Goethe's "Faust." There was the  
same scornful, sarcastic mouth, the  
aquiline nose, the pointed black beard,  
the wicked, restless, steel-colored eyes  
peering forth from under a pair of  
bushy black eyebrows, the livid white  
complexion and the short-cropped  
black hair, brushed forward into two  
points on the temples—the very pic-  
ture, in fact, of the evil one.

The habitual expression of the face  
was sinister in the extreme, but at  
times it would be lighted up with one  
of those frank and winning smiles  
which dispelled all doubts and attract-  
ed in an almost irresistible manner the  
affection and confidence of those to  
whom they were addressed. At such  
moments the voice, almost purring in  
its tone, would be strangely persua-  
sive and insinuating, while at other  
times it would be harsh and rasping,  
varied only by a mocking and almost  
hellish laugh.

Such was the man on whom the  
great ladies of the court of the Tuil-  
eries showered favors; to whom they  
permitted every impertinence of man-  
ner and speech for whose sake they  
were willing to compromise their  
name; and who actually had the im-  
pudence to have Empress Eugenie's  
morgue and crown embroidered on the  
back of his gloves in token of his  
devotion to her. I may add that he  
was a noted duelist.

Advantages of birth he had none,  
being an illegitimate son. His mother  
was a Hungarian woman of the middle  
class. But there is much doubt as to  
whether his father really was, and there-  
fore, as he was the son of a royal friend  
of a prince, a count and a margrave, are  
known to have each at various times  
had the privilege of paying his debts  
under the impression that the indi-  
vidually held that relation towards  
him.

Notwithstanding the stigma on his  
birth, which in the monarchical world  
of the Old World is a terrible  
obstacle, in social as well as in official  
life, Alfred von Kodoitch—he owed his  
"von" to his knighthood of the Aus-  
trian Order of the Iron Crown—was  
received and treated on terms of equal-  
ity by the proudest nobles, not only  
of Austria-Hungary, but also of En-  
gland, Germany and France. He was  
the Fidis Achates of Edward VII.,  
and when in his younger days as  
Prince of Wales visited Paris and  
was regarded in the French capital  
and in England as having been respon-  
sible for many of the Viennese royal  
indiscretions. The part which he ac-  
ted as "Mephistopheles" to the blond-  
haired, easy-going "English" prince,  
"Faust," was well known at Windsor,  
and when in 1874 the British heir ap-  
parent proposed to ask his Austrian  
friend to accompany him on his mem-  
orable trip to India, Queen Victoria  
herself asked his name from the list  
of invitations.

Von Kodoitch's successes were not  
limited to the boudoir, the cabaret and  
the club. He was no mere drawing-  
room soldier, but was active in many  
climes. After distinguishing himself  
in the wars of 1859 and 1864, he spent  
some months with Emperor Maximilian  
in Mexico, where he was known as  
one of the most brilliant cavalry of-  
ficers of the imperialist army. He  
took part in the Six Weeks' War of  
1866, and was present at the Austrian  
victory over the Italians at Custoza.  
During the Turko-Russian War of 1877  
he was attached to the Czar's head-  
quarters and was present at nearly all  
the important battles of that arduous  
and terrible campaign.

In 1879, being at the time over-  
whelmed with debts and harassed al-  
most to death by his creditors, he de-  
termined to put an end to his diffi-  
culties by marrying a rich wife, and  
accordingly commenced paying his ad-  
dresses to Mathilde von Heine-Geldern,  
perhaps the most homely woman in  
Vienna, the deformity of her back and

shoulders being rendered still more  
noticeable by the shortness of her legs  
and the exceptional length of her  
body. During the few weeks that the  
courtship lasted, all Vienna was on  
the broad grin and heavy odds were  
offered that the elegant and brilliant  
cavalry colonel would lose courage at  
the last moment and break off the  
match.

The marriage, however, took place  
in May, 1879, the bride father paying  
a heavy sum towards the settlement  
of Kodoitch's debts and defraying be-  
sides the expenses of the wedding trip  
and of the housing and furnishing of  
a handsome home in the Metternich-  
gasse, at Vienna. In addition to the  
old Baron Gustav Heine bound himself  
to grant a liberal allowance to his  
daughter in lieu of the customary  
dowry, which Kodoitch expected, and  
would have preferred.

A few weeks afterwards—before he  
had returned from his wedding tour—  
Kodoitch was promoted to the rank  
of major-general and placed on the re-  
tired list. Some surprise was expres-  
sed at the time that so brilliant a cav-  
alry leader should have been removed  
from the active list of the army. The  
Emperor, however, declared that Kodo-  
itch's private life had not been such  
as to render him fitted for the respon-  
sibilities of a brigade or divisional  
command, and that it could hardly be  
regarded as a suitable example for the  
young officers under his orders.  
(Copyright, 1912, by the Brentwood  
Company.)

## The Savings Department

Of the National State and City Bank affords an ideal deposti-  
tory for money received at the first of the year as interest or  
dividends on stocks, bonds or other investments.

This bank pays 3 per cent interest on small as well as  
large deposits, and its conservative management, combined  
with Capital and Surplus of \$1,600,000.00, assures unques-  
tioned safety.

## CHARITY

THE RICHMOND SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION  
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—At this Yuletide season,  
when every charitable and other associations have been remem-  
bered, this Society would respectfully ask all persons who own  
or control our friends, the animals, shall remember them with  
extra kindness by giving them additional rest and meals, in  
consideration of their faithfulness in such severe weather,  
carrying Christmas cheer to both rich and poor; and this So-  
ciety also asks that this consideration be made a permanent  
remembrance at all seasons when the animals are so over-  
worked, which consideration will be appreciated by all humane  
people, as also the animals.

## A MAN

Ordered of us the other day a load of steam coal for his furnace.  
We sent him instead a load of

## Pocahontas Washed Pea Coal

(all the impurities washed out), at the same price, too—\$4.50  
per ton delivered. A day or so after he called us over the phone  
and wanted to know what kind of coal we sent him. HE SAID  
THAT WAS THE BEST COAL HE EVER USED, and wanted  
to know if we would continue to sell it.

## WE WILL

if we can get enough to supply the increasing demand.  
EVERYBODY WHO HAS TRIED IT WANTS IT AGAIN.

## WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?

IT IS ALL COAL OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY, free  
from slack, dirt and other impurities. They are washed out.

## Pocahontas Washed Pea Coal

Samuel H. Cottrell and Son

Fuel Dealers,

Madison 177.

1103 West Marshall Street.



PUT THIS LABEL ON YOUR GOODS

Telephone</